

Radioactive

by RedFluffyPie

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Summary: (Hiccstrid) A boy with, a wish, a dream and a brilliant talent, joins seven others and team up to build something big. Something unique. But to this, a new creature has arrived. It's name is fear. This fear is controlled by someone. Someone who wants to take away the boy's wishes, dreams and his talent. Steampunk AU. (awesome cover by @kingdomdance)

## 1. A New Golden Age

\*\*It is the 25th century \*\*

\*\*A new Golden Age has arrived since The event of The Great Nuclear Crunch. \*\*

\*\*Steam power is the only way any being can get electricity.\*\*

\*\*Animals, plants and most other living substances have all died out since TGNC. Humans and hybrids and mechanical creatures are really the only things that live on this planet.\*\*

\*\*There is however a key. A key that unlocks great treasures, so great that no human could ever dare to imagine it.\*\*

\*\*But the key-holder must be a unique one. A different one out of all the others. One with certain intelligence that can dream and imagine things that others can't.\*\*

\*\*A man on the outside but a child in heart.\*\*

(This is not really a prologue I guess. Maybe it is. I dunno. Anyway this is gonna be set in the future a few years after TGNC. I'll explain that further on in the story. Chapters will be longer so don't fret. So please comment later on (next chapter?), on what you

thought about it. Thanks!

-FluffyRedPie)

## 2. Robo-Spiders

It was hot and Hiccup Haddock was tired.

Rays of scorching sun beat down on his back.

Another day of fixing broken wheels and gears, had worn him down.

Today was a really difficult day. So many people had handed him their broken items and demanded it to be snappy.

And it certainly didn't help that Stoick's friend, Phelgma keep poking her head through the window, yelling-

"Hurry up wit' ma cart already!"

At least that was over.

Hiccup wiped his brow with his skinny arm and sat down on a broken chair.

His light-green shirt was tattered, covered in greasy spots. Bits of dust had stuck themselves to his shorts.

It was a wonder that Hiccup was still standing. Or in this case, sitting.

\*\*One last wheel to go,\*\* he thought, \*\*Thank the heavenly gods.\*\*

"Hiccup!" a voice boomed, "What are yah doin', son? Get up and finish yeh last wheel!"

And that was his father, Stoick Haddock or 'Stoick the Vast' as others called him.

Hiccup sighed and reluctantly stood up. "Yes, father," he muttered and went back to fixing the broken wheel.

Hiccup and his father Stoick lived in a small island called, Berk. It was close to the UK, so people went there to get supplies for food or clothes for Berk.

Hiccup always wanted to go there, but Stoick said no every time. He would always say, "Hiccup, if yah want tah go to the UK, then yah must find yeh own way out of Berk."

In other words, Hiccup was in Berk for the rest of his life. Unless if he sneak onto an airship.

Like that would ever happen.

Last time he tried that, it involved a half-blown airship and-well let's just say that Stoick wasn't very pleased.

Berk wasn't a bad place, it was just too ordinary, same old town, same old inventions.

Also the food was tasteless and hard as concrete and the people were bitter than Gobber's 'Yaknog'.

Whatever that was.

Nothing had really changed in Berk since the day Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, was born.

UK -how other Berkians described- was where ladies wore tight corsets with ray guns tucked underneath their heavy skirts, where men wore irregular shirts with small clocks dangling from their pockets, and where mystery was lurking at every corner.

The only common thing they had with Berk was that most devices were geared on steam. Actually most parts of the world was now depending on steam power.

Hiccup sometimes hated steam since it fogged up his cheap goggles, while he was trying to work.

It also reminded him that most things were non-reusable, which frustrated him a lot since he wanted to reuse a lot of things.

But as they say, "If yah want tah survive in Berk, yah've got tah git used tah the things around here."

Hiccup sighed and carried on fixing the wheel, when suddenly-

Ding! The steam powered clock on the table, indicated that it was time. Half-past twelve.

"Yes! It's time!" Hiccup cried and quickly started packing away his things.

He peaked his head into the house and saw Stoick, surrounded by a pile of papers, "Hey father, I'm gonna go to Gobber's Workshop now! I'll see you later!"

"Don't get into trouble!" was Stoick's reply.

Hiccup ignored his father's comment. He grabbed his brown bag, full of his notes and headed out, onto the streets. He ran quickly, trying to dodge as many people as he possibly could.

"Oof!"

"Hey kid! Look where yeh're goin'!"

"Walkin' disaster!"

"Outta mah wae punk!"

"Watch it!"

"What's wrong wit' that Hiccup?"

"Aye should see Stoic' 'bout this!"

was something he often heard in the streets.

Hiccup ran until he reached to a brown building with the words,  
"Gobber's Workshop. Please don't enter unles-"

He barged inside and found Gobber's mechanical creatures, flittering,  
tinkering and crawling all over the place.

"Hiccup!" Gobber exclaimed, "Aye! The lad's here! Ah was wonderin'  
when yah were gonna arrive! Fishlegs' here somewhere!"

Fishlegs Igeman was Gobber's nephew. He was a smart boy and knew his  
way around things.

He also loved reading and memorized at least two books a  
day.

Fishlegs appeared from a corner and ran to Hiccup, "Hiccup! You're  
here! I can finally show you!"

"Uh wha-"

"Over here Hiccup!" He dragged a confused Hiccup to a table with a  
large cloth, covering it.

Fishlegs took off the large cloth, revealing five, small, egg-shaped  
pieces of metal. "I made these," he said proudly.

"Uh..." Hiccup began, still looking confused, "What are they and what  
do they do?"

"Watch this," Fishlegs tapped each of the metal 'eggs' and stood  
back.

Suddenly the metal eggs started to shake and Hiccup could here the  
whirring of the gears, turning inside the eggs. Eight long legs shot  
out from one of the eggs. A small metal head slit out and it started  
to crawl across the table, shooting out steam from it's small 'tusks'  
at the front.

Then the other eggs began to do the same and joined the first  
one.

Hiccup watched as they scattered across the table, blinking their  
gleaming, yellow eyes. "Wow. Amazing," he whistled, "The gears and  
the amount of gas inside the machine...it's extraordinary. How did  
you make this?"

Fishlegs shook his head, eyes darting frantically across the room,  
"C-Can't tell you!"

"Why not?" asked Hiccup.

"People might steal my ideas," Fishlegs whispered in a worried  
tone.

Hiccup nodded, "Fair enough. Can I take a look at one of  
these?"

"Sure! Just give it back to me afterwards!" Fishlegs exclaimed, nodding and handing Hiccup a steam-powered, spider-like creature.

Hiccup studied the spider for a few minutes and turned to Fishlegs, who was looking through his collections, "What are these called?"

"I call them my robo-spiders," Fishlegs replied, walking over to with a small metal box.

"What's that for?" Hiccup pointed to the metal box.

"I put them inside this box so they won't escape too easily," Fishlegs explained, touching the robo-spiders, turning them back to metal eggs.

\*\*Interesting, \*\*Hiccup thought to himself,\*\* I wonder...\*\*

He quickly grabbed out his papers and started taking notes about these robo-spiders.

"So what do you think?" Fishlegs asked, "Is it good?"

"Good? I think it's great!" Hiccup exclaimed, grinning.

Fishlegs beamed back, "Thanks Hiccup! I'm actually thinking of selling these with Uncle Gobber's work. They're gonna cost at least two pieces of silver."

\*\*Sell these? I didn't know Fishlegs would be thinking of selling these. \*\*Hiccup thought to himself. "Hey Legs, could I buy one now?" asked Hiccup, searching for two pieces of silver in his bag. \*\*Is it in here? Wait a piece of gold! I could buy a couple of these!\*\*

"Most certainly!" Fishlegs replied, very loudly.

Hiccup handed the gold to Fishlegs, "How much of those robo-spiders could I get for this?"

"I've only got five so..." Fishlegs began

"I'll buy all!" Hiccup quickly added.

Fishlegs' grinned, "Really?"

Hiccup nodded and handed the gold to Fishlegs, "Yeah. Here you go."

Fishlegs gave the metal box to Hiccup and Hiccup put it in his bag, next to his notes.

"Well, well, show time's not over yet," Gobber interrupted, "I want to show you something as well."

"Okay. What is it?" asked Hiccup.

"Follow me." Gobber opened another door, inside his workshop and beckoned the boys to follow.

\_Sorry if it doesn't seem interesting at first. It'll get better.  
Also there might be a mixture of Clockpunk in this, but that'll only  
be in two or three chapters. \_

\_I might not update too often but I'll try update at least once a  
while you're reading this story, listen to Radioactive by Imagine  
Dragons. It'll get you in the mood. Trust  
me.\_

\_Edited-\_

\_\*\*-RedFluffyPie\*\*\_

### 3. Dragons on the loose

Hiccup and Fishlegs followed Gobber through another room, where it was dark and stuffy. Fishlegs and Hiccup were both finding it a hard to breathe.

Gobber turned the light on, lightening up the room. "Here we are! Mah newest invention, The House Cleaner!" he exclaimed.

There on a table, surrounded by tools, stood a small dome-shaped item. It was gray and had strange looking handles attatched to it.

"What is that?" Hiccup asked, still coughing.

"The House Cleaner," Gobber simply replied, "It cleans the house."

"Yeah. No kidding," Hiccup said in a sarcastic tone, resisting to roll his eyes.

"Ya boy," Gobber replied, a little too cheerfully, "Is mah own invention."

"O-kay," Hiccup mutttered, "How does it clean the house? Isn't it too small?"

"Nay son," Gobber replied.

"But-"

"Ah, ah, ah," Gobber interrupted, "Don't judge a book by it's cover, young lad." Then he walked over to "The House Cleaner" and pushed the handles at a heavy force.

Fishlegs stood back and motioned Hiccup to do the same.

The dome began to open up slowly when-

Boom! Boom!

Fishlegs and Hiccup jumped up in surprise.

"What was-"

Boom!

Gobber frowned and pull the handles back and it stopped opening.

"What was that?" Fishlegs asked, looking a little worried.

"Dragons. Those darn, uncontrollable, pesky creatures," Gobber muttered, still frowning.

"Wait, dragons? Do you mean real live dragons?" Fishlegs asked.

Gobber rolled his eyes, "Nay son. These are mechanical creatures, that are dangerous and should have never been made." Then he started walking to the door when-

"If they're dangerous, then why did people make them?" Fishlegs asked again, making Gobber grunt in annoyance

Gobber looked a little annoyed. He stopped and looked at Fishlegs, "Dragons were never meant tah be dangerous. People made Dragons tah protect Berk from any harm. Ya got it now, son?"

Fishlegs nodded.

"Alright boys, Aye'll be back in ah moment. Stay here. Don't move. Stay. Put. Here. Right here an-Ya know what aye mean," Gobber motioned the two boys to stay.

He was about to walk out when Hiccup grabbed his arm. "I'm gonna go as well," Hiccup exclaimed.

Gobber shook his head, "Nay Hiccup. Ya can't go out there. It's too dangerous. Your father, Stoick would slice ma head off, if aye let ya oot far at least one second."

"Oh c'mon Gobber! I'll have a chance to fight!" Hiccup protested, "I might even get a girlfriend!" he added, which he didn't think was possible in anyway.

"Sorry boy," Gobber said simply, "No can do."

"But -"

"Now get outta ma way. Aye got ah job ta do." Then Gobber grabbed his battle ax, from its shelf and ran outside.

And Fishlegs and Hiccup were left with the house half-open house cleaner thingy.

..

Outside was in chaos.

There were people screaming and running around in all directions.

Lets just put it this way. It was a mess.

A man pushed past him, only to be knocked over by five young boys.

Stoick came out of his house, looking annoyed. "What is this?" he yelled, "Who is responsible for this?"

Stoick then grabbed a lady who was running past. "What is going on?" he asked.

"T-The black things! The black things!" she exclaimed, shaking Stoick's shoulders.

Stoick was confused. "What black things? What are ya talking about?"

The lady pointed up to the sky in fright, "There! Right there!" she shouted before taking off.

Stoick looked up to the sky, with wide eyes and gasped.

\_What did Stoick see? I wonder...\_

\_Thank you so much for the comments! It means a lot to me. And the votes as well.\_

\_(I'm trying hard not to make the chapters too long so you guys/girls/other won't get bored. I may need to edit this work later...)\_{

\_RedFluffyPie\_

#### 4. The Chase

It was a normal day in London. People running around, all over the show.

A mechanical dog was literally barking its tail off. Five women were giving fortune telling's to a stout man with a mechanical arm. A group of tall men, wearing goggles were huddling around a machine with square wheels. A robot was chasing an old lady.

In other words, it was crazy in here.

In the midst of this all, two young boys (around about eighteen) were running through the busy streets of London.

One of the boys had hair as white as snow and one had dark brown hair. He had a small stubble on his chin.

Let's just assume their name's were Jack and Flynn.

Both of them had stolen something and were both being chased by the PSKL.

"Grab that satchel at any cost!" the leader had yelled to his men, "It has the most important item!"

The PSKL were fast but Flynn and Jack were even faster on foot.

They both decided to split up so the PSKL would get confused. So Jack went right and Flynn went forward.

The leader of the PSKL frowned. "Max, you and your men go that way! I'll go to the right!" he ordered.

But Flynn and Jack had already vanished and this left the PSKL confused and very, very annoyed.

Maybe if they had looked up, they would have seen a flash of white jump off a roof and land on the other side.

.

"Ouch!" Jack cried as he landed, face-forward into a barrel.

Flynn groaned and hauled the white-haired boy, out of the barrel and stood him up. "C'mon! Let's go before they find us!"

Jack brushed himself off and grinned. "I'm fine! Now let's get outta here!"

.

Twenty minutes later, the boys still were looking for a place to hide in.

"Hey Jack, where are we gonna hide this time?" Flynn panted as he ran ahead.

Jack jumped over a mechanical rat and shrugged. "Find a random place. Any ideas Rider?" he asked.

Before Flynn could answer, he accidentally tripped over a lady's boot, almost colliding into the lady wearing it.

"Oof! Hey! Watch it!" she exclaimed, scowling at the two boys.

Flynn picked himself up and quickly brushed himself down.

"Sorry lady!" he yelled at the lady. "You have a nice hat, by the way!" He winked at her before running off with Jack.

.

After running again for thirty more minutes, the two thieves eventually found a shabby looking hotel. Which was looking pretty abandoned

The two of them, quickly ran inside and slammed the battered door behind them.

Then the two of them collapsed on the floor. They both gave a sigh of relief and hid behind a couch.

"Have the satchel, Flynn?" Jack asked, after a few moments of catching their breath.

Flynn nodded and held up a tattered, brown satchel in his hands, "Sure do, Frost." he replied.

He tossed it to Jack, who caught it in midair.

Jack grinned and opened the satchel, with eager hands. He stuck his hand inside and felt something cold and hard reach to his hand.

Then he pulled it out, revealing a golden crown. It was shaped like a Roman wreath and had small, flower-shaped jewels, surrounding it.

In the middle had a solid diamond, carved into a shape of a tear-drop.

"Wow. Gee, Flynn. This crown is our future right here," Jack remarked, admiring the design and brushing his thumb on the diamond, "It's must be worth a fortune, eh? Where did you nab it off from, this time?"

Flynn gave Jack his signature smirk. "Mayor Corona's place," he replied, "They didn't even notice a thing. You should've seen it, Jack."

Jack whistled, tracing the detailed patterns, "Flawless..." he sighed.

"Apparently that thing, belongs to some long, lost girl or something," Flynn said, looking inside his satchel.

"Probably a lame excuse to keep it," Jack snorted, "It's ours now."

Suddenly Flynn snatched the crown back and shoved it back in the satchel.

"Hey! I wasn't done with it!" Jack complained, trying to grab the crown back.

"Not now," Flynn hissed, lowering his voice and keeping the satchel close to him, "Anyone could be watching us."

Jack shrugged and leaned back, putting his hands behind his head, "Who cares? We're rich now."

"Well almost. We still need to-"

Crash!

Flynn immediately spun around, to find a broken vase, next to Jack. "What the hell do ya think you're doing, Jack? Someone might hear us!" Flynn exclaimed, glaring at Jack and at the mess.

"Sorry!" Jack hissed, picking up the large pieces, only to drop them on the ground, again, "Whoops."

Flynn winced as the piece shattered on the floor. He rolled his eyes and started picking up the pieces by himself.

Flynn was about to pick up the last piece when-

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The two boys jumped, in fright and dropped their items in a clatter.

Jack frowned at the direction, the loud noise was coming from, "What in the Moon was that?" he asked.

Just when Flynn was about to reply-

Bang! Bang!

Flynn gulped. Then he grabbed his satchel and pulled Jack by the arm. "Get up, Frosty! We gotta go now!"

Jack groaned and stood up. "Do you know what they were?"

"The PSKL are here," Flynn simply replied, "Now c'mon! We need to moving!"

Jack nodded and the two of them started running to the back door when-

"Excuse me, young lads. Have you made a booking?"

The two of them inwardly groaned to themselves and dragged themselves to the counter. They had some lying to do.

\_Thanks for all of the comment! You guys are so nice! XD \*gives you all a virtual hug\*\_

\_By the way, PSKL stands for Professional Security Keepers of London. I made that up. :p\_

\_RedFluffyPie\_

## 5. A Tracker

A girl with long blonde hair; that came down to her waist, was sitting behind a desk.

"Have you made a booking?" she repeated, blinking with her green eyes, sparkling with curiosity.

\_Holy Moon! Her eyes are huge!\_ Flynn noted in his head.

Flynn and Jack glanced at each, both not knowing what to do. They needed to get out but this girl was distracting them.

Bang! Bang!

All three of them jumped in fright.

Flynn frowned. Then he had an idea.

"Hey blondie!" he waved to the girl, "Can we stay here for the night?"

"Why?" the girl asked.

Flynn rolled his eyes. "Because we need a place to sleep."

The girl hesitated. Then after a while she nodded. "Oh. Okay."

Jack quickly fished out a couple pieces of gold from his pocket and tossed it to the girl.

The girl surprisingly caught it in a flash and nodded. She opened a door behind her and beckoned the boys to follow.

.

The door slammed open and in came five PSKL officers.

The rest were outside, still searching for the boys.

"Where are those damned, pesky, bastards?" the leader growled, narrowing his eyes into slits, "They can't hide for this long!"

Maximus Royal; a top PSKL officer, and a mute man, stormed in, holding his arms wide. He sniffed the area like a dog and frowned.

They were in here. Max thought to himself, scratching his head. I can sense it...in my head.

He carried on walking inside and inspecting every corner of the area.

Nothing was found.

The rest sighed in frustration and decided to check a different place.

"Ah-ha!" someone yelled, standing near a broken vase.

Wait. A broken vase?

Maximus sped over to the mess. He scanned the pieces with a ScanSaper; a device that scans an object and shows when it was last touched.

Object: Vase

Material: Ceramic

Height: 3 ft, 4

State: Damaged

Last in contact: 15 minutes ago

15 minutes ago? That was recent! Max exclaimed in his head. They were in here, not long ago!

He scanned the dust and it showed that, it wasn't touched for very long.

An officer called for them, to see something. He showed the rest, a table that had traced fingerprints all over it, according to the

ScanSaper.

"Who's fingerprints?" the leader demanded, glaring at the table (he does tend to glare and squint a lot).

The officer shook his head. "Can't recognize it. The damned thing must be busted."

He showed them the ScanSaper's screen and there words were in red.

-Can't recognize the print-

"Wha-"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Eeek!" a girl's voice squeaked.

.

Maximus was hiding behind a chair, wondering why all the officers, but the leader, were on the ground.

Then he saw a flash of blonde jump in and saw her whack the leader, across the head. With a frying pan?

\_What the heck?\_ Maximus thought to himself.

Then the blonde girl walked around to see if there were anyone else.

Her bright, green eyes drifted above the chair where Maximus was hiding.

Maximus stifled a gasp. \_She looks...very familiar. Where have I seen her before?\_

Then the blonde quickly ran away and left Maximus, trying to see if he knew who the girl was.

He tried to call her back, but he had no voice. So he could only try retrace her step, while trying to find the thieves at the same time

\_I'll be back. \_Maximus thought as he looked at the PSKL officers.

Then he started walked through the run-down building.

He had know idea that what he was searching for, was above him.

Literally

Sorry for the long wait. I had to finish school work and yea... Hope you enjoyed this chapter! -RedFluffyPie

Hey guys. Sorry this isn't a chapter.

I've decided to rewrite this story because my writing is atrocious.

I'll be writing chapter 7 on December.

Meanwhile In The Dark's chapter is coming soon so check it out if you want.

Radioactive's plot will be still the same but I'll make a couple of changes in each chapter and yeah.

Thanks for the comments and votes btw! :D

(this will be deleted btw)

End  
file.